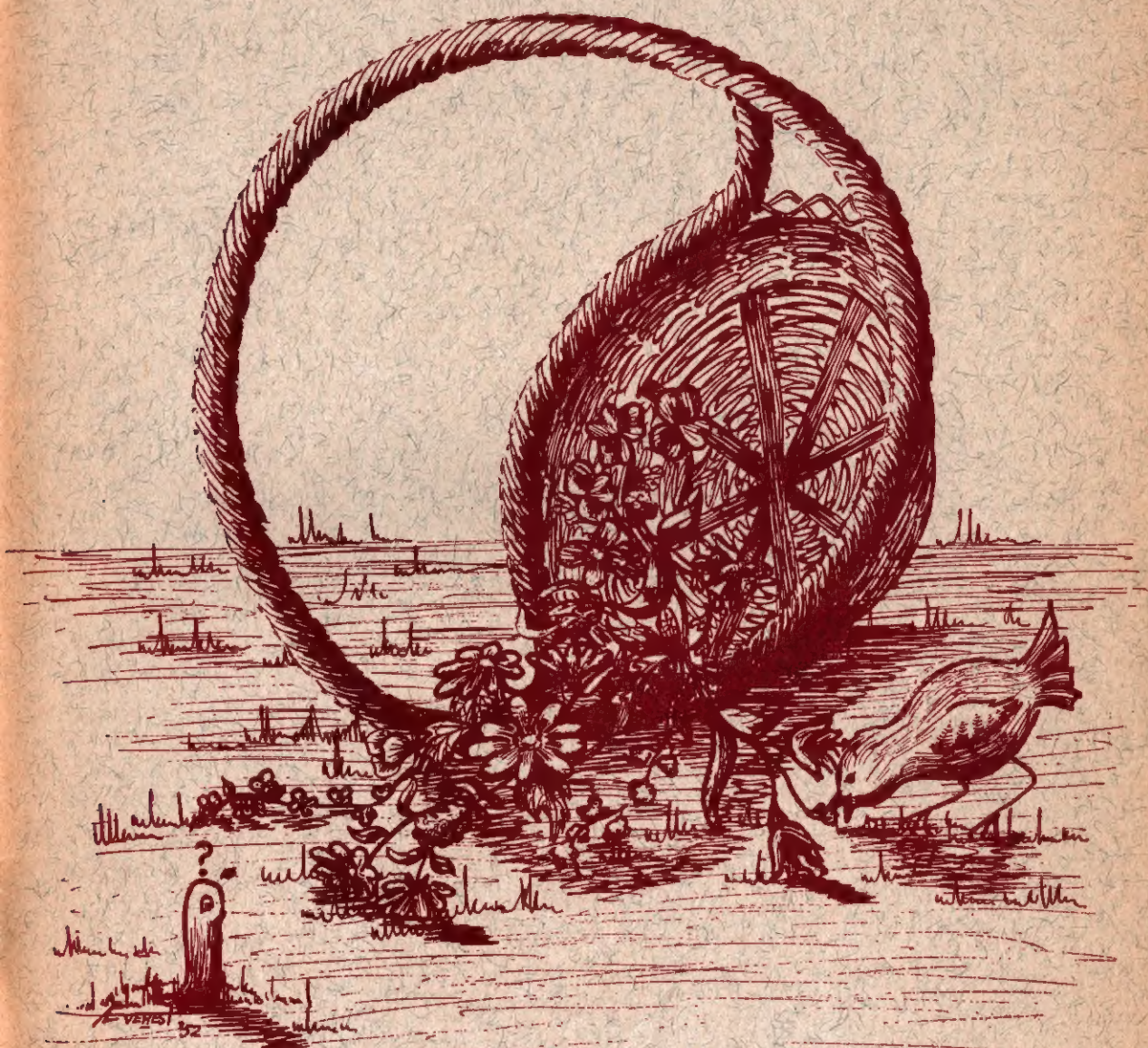


The Student's Pen



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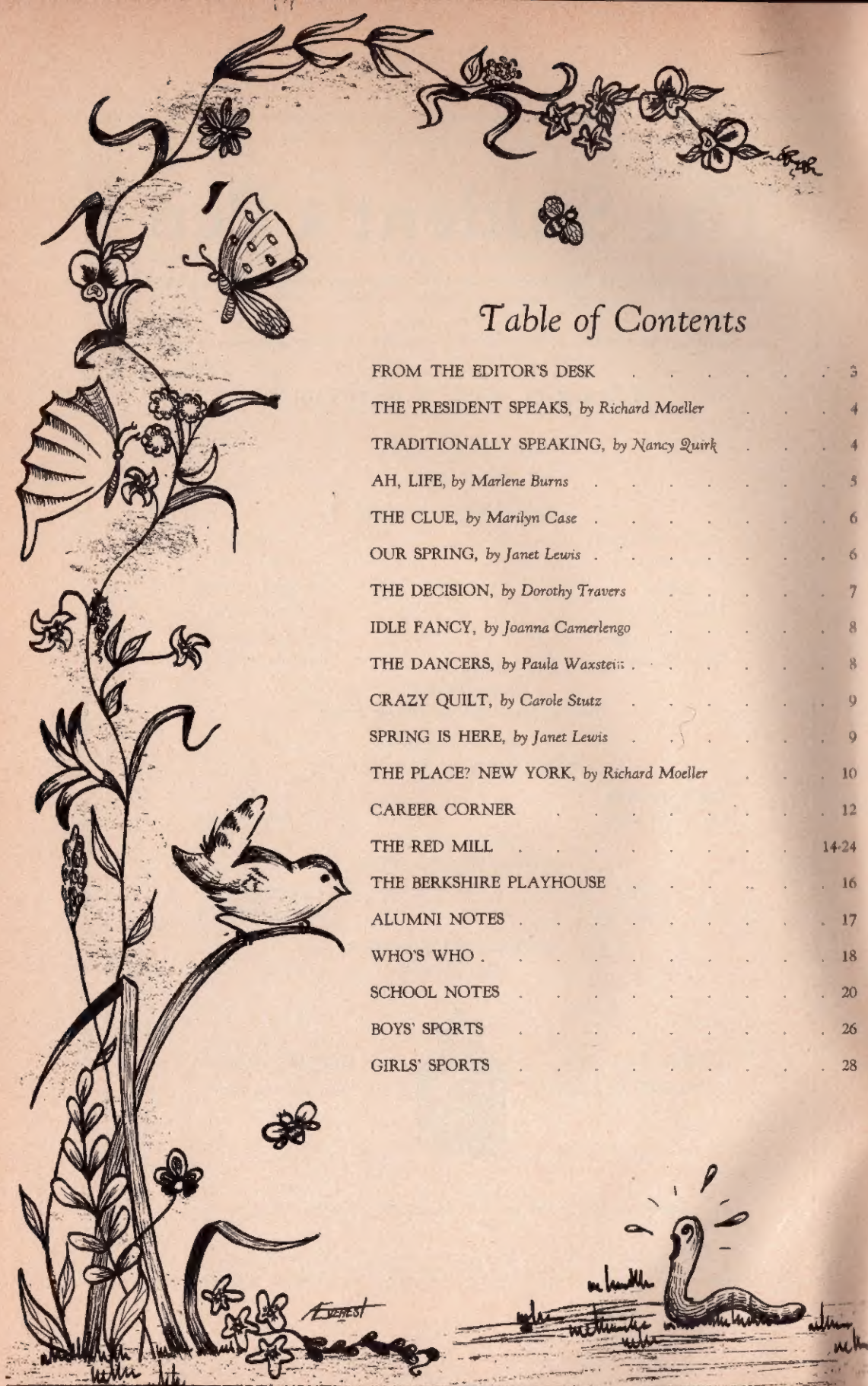


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From the EDITOR'S DESK

Another Point of View

By Nancy Quirk, '52

IN the past we have discussed the need for religious education in the public schools and have in a sense advocated released time for doing this. We have also mentioned the part the library and the museum in Pittsfield play in supplementing higher education. But even in this so-called enlightened day and age there are those who think that all this talk about outside and higher education is directed at boys only, and that any sort of formal learning beyond high school is wasted on girls. Four important years and thousands of dollars are thrown away (they say). But even if a girl marries the day after she graduates from college, even if she never capitalizes on her degree, the years are not lost and the money is not wasted. For she has, as a result, the ability to cope with life, an appreciation of true values, higher ideals to give to her children, and an awareness of community problems. All these can never be computed in dollars and cents, but over and above the material aspect, they are invaluable.

If she doesn't plan to marry for some time; there are countless careers open to the college graduate today, any one of which brings a more rewarding life. The whole nation is aware of the need for good teachers, and teachers need a college degree. Women have

been important in the fields of social and recreational work since Jane Addams first opened Hull House. And now they are becoming increasingly important in the fields of advertising and research. Today, to enter any of these fields, education beyond high school is necessary.

Parents who need convincing when it comes to the question of college education for their daughters would do well to know what a woman member of the Massachusetts Parole Board had to say recently when she spoke of a report of the state of crime and juvenile delinquency among women in the Commonwealth. The report turned up in the daily press generally under headlines such as

CHEAPER TO SUPPORT GIRL IN COLLEGE THAN REFORM SCHOOL

What she actually pointed out was that it costs some nine hundred dollars a year more to keep a woman in a reformatory in Massachusetts than it does to send her to Wellesley College. The article should open the eyes of dubious parents and show them that the four important years could be spent in no better atmosphere than that of a college—quiet yet challenging.

The President Speaks

By Richard Moeller, '53

THE truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is what President Truman declared the editors of today's newspapers must strive to see printed. This was one of the ideas expressed by the President to 3500 high school editors of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association whom he addressed in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City on March 15.

We must realize that the youths of today will be running the governments of tomorrow. Therefore, they must have clearly rooted in their minds the workings and the operation of their own governing body. If we believe this, we can agree with the president when he said, "Youth is the hope of the world."

The ideals upon which our great nation is based are few and simple, but they have helped immensely to make us into the country of which we are so proud today. These ideals which we, the American people, uphold are unselfishness and the respect for the rights and welfare of others.

Ideals are but one thing from which a great nation must build its foundation, however. Morals are another. Now some people may find it difficult to see where morals have their

significance in politics. Actually the moral, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," can either make or break a country. Surely you can see how a country could easily become disliked if it does not accept this philosophy.

One of the main objectives of our government has been to improve the conditions of the average man. In order to keep our prosperity, this must be done not by pulling down those at the top, but by giving those at the bottom an extra boost. Much progress has been made in this line mainly due to the "Fair Deal" policy, under which we look out not only for ourselves, but for the other fellow.

Isolation from other countries would tend to weaken our nation considerably. Therefore, we must exchange our ideas, our goods and our friendship with our foreign neighbors. If we help to raise their prosperity, we will be automatically raising our own, making better living for everyone.

In concluding, the President said, "If we accomplish the purpose which we hope to accomplish, it means the greatest age in the history of the world, and you will live in the most peaceful time the world has ever seen."

Traditionally Speaking

By Nancy Quirk, '52

THERE are many traditions which have recently come to be thought of as old-fashioned ideas rather than as things to be carried on. For a number of those traditions, that is true; our modern way of life has caused them to become outmoded. But good manners traditionally never go out of style. However, it seems to us that certain of our high school students have become extremely lax in practicing good manners. Notable among all students are boys, and we say this

at the risk of sounding prejudiced. We are not; for we also feel that many girls have not done very much to promote good manners.

Are we, in this day and age of high civilization, to become so preoccupied with other matters that we let our manners fall by the wayside? Are we to turn to treating each other almost as barbarians? Or are we going to conduct ourselves in keeping with present day high civilization? It is something to which we could give some serious thought.

Ah, Life

By Marlene Burns, '55



MOTHER tied on one of her most time-worn aprons and headed in the direction of my room, dust cloth and cardboard box in hand. She opened the door that told all illegal entrants of the dire fate that would await them later, gave a sigh of utter boredom, and started flourishing her cloth. It found its way into every nook and cranny, and when the room was relieved of its final layer of neglected dust, Mother promptly pulled out the box which she had deposited under the desk. With one great sweeping motion she took the three hundred pieces of my dis-assembled radio and heaved them into the box. She started tugging at the full box and began to drag it down the stairs, forgetting to shut my door, of course.

I had just slammed my books down on the table and was proceeding to assemble a small snack of three doughnuts, a dish of ice cream, two apples, and a piece of pie, when I saw Mother come into the kitchen with my radio in the box which she dragged. I took one look and gave a yell that would have scared Tarzan. "My radio!" I bellowed, as I stood there aghast. Mother merely gave me a nod,

assuring me that it was my radio she carried, and continued to drag the box. I opened the cellar door and asked her what she intended to do with it. She told me that the rubbish pile was to have an addition and I exclaimed, "My radio,—junk?" I glared at Mother as she again assured me that my radio was junk, and at the same moment Judy slammed her books on top of mine, complaining that she could hear me bellowing outside. Now I had reached my boiling point. I grabbed my books, letting Judy's topple to the floor, and made for the stairs.

In a second I was in my inner sanctum, looking to see if Mother might have overlooked one tiny part of my murdered radio. My mother can overhear the most private of conversations; she can talk to Mrs. O'Reilly for an hour when I just know that Phil is going to call any second; but never, never can she overlook the tiniest, most unimportant piece of the item which is going to be destroyed. The attempt to find anything was in vain. I sank onto my bed with a feeling of disgust and dismay. I was contemplating the sad case of my fellow males when Judy called me for supper. I took my own time about sauntering downstairs, but when I finally did, I gathered that Mother had not minded my dallying, since she and Judy were in a corner of the kitchen whispering and laughing to each other. I pitied the miserable fate of married men as I watched my mother, and I snuck away with three olives.

Dad was in the living room reading the sports page and commenting on how terrible a team can get, but soon he was deeply interested in the story of the heinous crime committed by my mother, which I unfolded to him. He puffed his pipe, gave me a few encouraging remarks, and, at my suggestion, went in to have a few well-chosen words

with Mother. But all parents are prejudiced. Mother, as you can see, does not understand me a fraction as much as Dad goes, but when it comes to Judy, Mother can readily give you a thousand reasons why she keeps all those dance programs tacked to her wall.

Dad had finished talking with Mother by the time I had disposed of four more olives, and he told me to come in and eat. That was unnecessary, for he surely must know that I never stop eating. I sat down and, while Judy delivered a monologue on the darling, simply dreamy gown she had seen in Bryant's window, stowed away two suppers. After a few unsuccessful interruptions, Dad finally managed to get a word in edgewise while Judy was talking. He didn't say anything about my radio at first, but soon he said something about all the unnecessary items just-cluttering the house and he laughed as he winked at my mother. She smiled at both of us, gave me a knowing pat on the shoulder, told me not to worry about the radio, and continued eating. I was unable to decipher my family's peculiar actions, so I gobbled my desserts and went upstairs.

I took out a sheet of paper and was just doodling while I wondered how Mother could expect me not to worry about the loss of my radio. I started to hunt for a needed eraser when I noticed a letter perched between two of my books. I picked it up, noticing that the postmark said Chicago, Illinois, and quickly opened it. I had almost forgotten that I had entered in that contest for the best article on "How to Assemble a Disassembled Radio", and was I surprised when I discovered that the letter was from the sponsor of the contest! I skimmed through the letter, gave a howl of ecstasy, and flew down the stairs. When I landed in the dining room I erupted with the startling news that I had won fourth prize in the regional contest. I had forgotten exactly what the fourth prize was, but at this point that didn't matter at all. I was thoroughly bewildered and disgusted when even Dad didn't respond to this

news. He gave Mother a look that told her she had done something tragic and called her and Judy into conference. I heard him whisper that he had better do it now, and I wondered just what "it" could be. He pointed to the door and Judy scurried out. I scratched my brow. What were they up to now? Dad gave me a hard slap on the back and told me not to act so bewildered. I was about to remonstrate when I saw Judy dragging a heavy Chicago-posted box into the room.

I've just finished opening the box and now I can understand what was going on in the Wilson family circle this afternoon. There in neat little rows are all the three hundred fifty-two parts of the 1935 Beckerman radio that I've won for fourth prize!

THE CLUE

By Marilyn Case, '53

There seemed to be a mystery
And silence filled the air,
But in my mind
I could not find
The key I knew was there.

Then suddenly a bird I spied,
A crocus blooming too,
The new green leaves
Upon the trees
Supplied me with the clue.

I found the key and opened wide
The door I now could see,
And spring came in
With a merry grin
And a charming melody.

OUR SPRING

By Janet Lewis, '52

Spring is here! Least so they say,
And flowers should be up by May.
But the Berkshires will not have it so,
For here am I still shoveling snow.

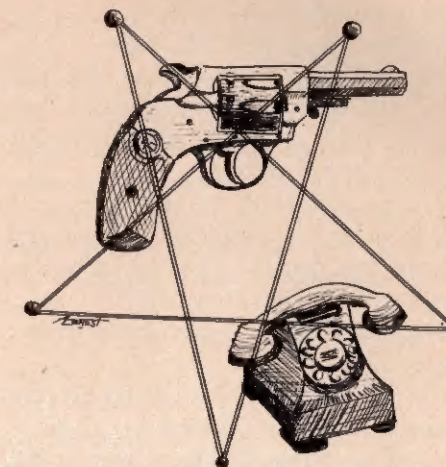
The Decision

By Dorothy Travers, '55

THE clicking of needles was the only sound in the stillness. A middle-aged woman sat in an old rocking chair, knitting. The room was not large, but it seemed to engulf the tiny figure rocking back and forth. She knitted slowly but seemingly without effort. Every once in a while she glanced up at the clock on the wall and wondered where Tommy was. She knew she shouldn't wait up—Tommy was always angry when she did, but she wouldn't be able to sleep until she heard him drive up in his old car. It was hard to believe that he was old enough to own a car, that he was nineteen. She really shouldn't be looking for him so soon. It was still early. She wondered where he went, whom he was with when he stayed out so late every night. He had never told her. He never told her anything any more. How different things were now. When had he started to pull away from her? It was so hard to remember those things now and she was tired of thinking. She just wanted to lie down and never have to think or remember or worry anymore. After his father had died, Tommy had always made sure she had what she needed, just as a son should, but did he love her? Sometimes he looked at her with that look of contempt, almost hate. No, she was just being silly. Tommy was a good son and he loved her. She wanted to trust him, but she couldn't help wondering where he got his money. He always seemed to have so much—more than a boy like Tommy could ever earn. He was so irritable, so hard to get along with. He never held a job long, and he was always impatient and annoyed when she asked him questions.

Lost in thought, she failed to hear the sound of a car stopping in the driveway. A loud knock on the door brought her back to the present. Who could that be? Certainly not Tommy this early.

She walked to the door and in the shadow



outside stood a man she had seen but didn't know.

"Mrs. Hanford? I'm Sheriff Cameron."
She was vaguely surprised. "Yes?"

"Mrs. Hanford, your son has been identified by two eye-witnesses, as one of the men who robbed the bank in Milford this morning. One of the cashiers was killed. We've brought in two of the men, but your son and another man are still at large. We're sure he won't be foolish enough to come back here so we won't wait." Then, seeing her stricken face, he added, "I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Mrs. Hanford."

After he'd gone, she sat down in the old rocking chair. She sat for a long while—perfectly still. Finally she fell into an exhausted sleep.

The clock on the wall ticked off the minutes. A noise sounded at the back door, and she woke with a start. She remembered the sheriff's words: "We're sure he won't be foolish enough to come back here."

Was Tommy coming back? Didn't he know they were looking for him?

"Mom," Tommy's voice came from the kitchen. "Mom!" more impatient now.

"Yes, Tommy." All of a sudden she felt tired. "Yes, I'm coming."

When she entered the kitchen, she saw Tommy sitting at the table with his head buried in his arms.

"Tommy, where have you been?"

"Oh, out with a friend—no one you know." He tried to sound nonchalant, but irritation, fright, and fatigue were mixed in his voice and showed through.

"Tommy, the sheriff was just here."

He looked at her blankly for a moment and then, realizing that she knew, he exclaimed, "The sheriff! I've got to get out!"

"He said they didn't think that you'd come back here."

"Oh? Well then, I think I'll stay here till morning. Then Mat—I mean my friend—and I will get across the line. I knew you'd take care of me, Mom. That's why I came back." Without giving her a chance to answer, he continued, "I'm going to get some sleep now. Wake me up at five-thirty."

He went from the kitchen into his bedroom and shut the door. She looked at the closed door for a moment.

What should she do? Her son was a thief, but he was still her son. What if he had done the shooting! What would they do to him when they caught him? He might even be shot trying to escape. She couldn't let them take her son. But if he had killed once, wouldn't he kill again? What if he had another chance. Would he change? Yes, maybe he would. But what about that dead cashier? If he didn't change, there might be another dead cashier or someone else. She felt as if she were being torn apart.

She walked into the kitchen and looked at the door he had closed a few minutes before. As she stood there, something seemed to tell her what to do.

"Thank you for showing me the right way," she murmured simply.

Dry-eyed, she walked into the living room to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

"Get me the sheriff's office, please."

IDLE FANCY

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

I sat frustrated, brooding o'er
Some math I should have done before;
I chewed the pencil in my hand
And wished it were some magic wand.

My mind went wand'ring; o'er the hills—
Among the golden daffodils—
Quite undisturbed, I watched the sky
While butterflies went flutt'ring by.

I climbed aboard a lily "boat,"
'Twas pleasant just to sit and float
Across the aqua-colored "sea"
With no one there to bother me.

Not one unpleasant thing all day,
All was so sweet, so calm, so gay.
But sadly, dreams can't always last
So that one came and now has passed.

THE DANCERS

By Paula Waxstein

Against a background of sunlight,
On a hill of fluffy snow,
They lifted their bare, dark branches
Forming lacy shadows below.

As the shrill of the music grew louder,
They curtsied more and more,
And then as the dancers finished,
All was quiet as before.

As I sat in the window watching,
I knew that they'd soon reappear
Wearing green fluffy tunics
With blossoms in their hair.

They'd tell a wonderful story
Of a sweet, new season called Spring,
Young plants, young hopes surrounding
The beautiful birds that sing.

Crazy Quilt

By Carole Stutz, '53



THERE sits in one corner of our ancient linen closet a specimen of great interest. Mother calls it her crazy quilt, Father calls it a disgrace, and I refrain from calling it anything. It descended from Great Uncle's red flannels, Great Aunt Mary's first party dress, Grandfather's blue silk tie, Cousin Anne's blue calico, and Heaven knows what else. Mother says that Aunt Tina told her that it took Great Grandmother all of two years to make it, but why she took the trouble, I'll never know. Mother says that it's a priceless heirloom, and I really do sympathize with her, for one must say something to excuse its presence in our house. An heirloom it may be, but as for the pricelessness, that's just another way of saying that no one would pay a red cent for it.

I once considered disposing of this monstrosity secretly, but the thought of facing a furious Grandmother soon brought me to my senses. Mother suffers in silence and tries to hide it under a number of things, but its hideous colors and great bulk have proved to be too much for her.

We are, I believe, a moderately respectable family, as families go, and have, as families do, our respectable number of skeletons. I could understand and take pride in an interesting

skeleton, but this ghastly creation has proved to be my Waterloo. Grandmother says that It (as I shall call it) is the only existing quilt that helped to keep George Washington warm, and Grandmother knows best; but I understand that she insists that Mother have the honor of caring for this precious item. Now George Washington may have liked the thing, but I fail to share his affection for It.

I, and only I, have suffered the unique experience of sleeping beneath this ancient work of art. It was not, believe me, a dull experience. I was tormented all night. Something, a stray feather, I suppose, managed to tickle my nose. The weight alone was unbearable. Whether I was warm or not remains a matter of opinion, but I tossed and turned so much that heat was inevitable.

It has always been folded so that one patch of a loud polka-dotted design stands out prominently. I have considered many possibilities, but I fail to conclude from what article of clothing this cloth was derived. Now it may have been Great Uncle Jonathan's best shirt, or it may have been Great Aunt Louise's best petticoat, but I shall never know.

I suppose that in years to come, I shall have my own home and shall inherit It, and It shall occupy the honored shelf in my linen closet, and my children will mock It as I have done. But, until that time, may It rest in peace.

SPRING IS HERE

By Janet Lewis, '52

Rise, flowers, rise!

Don't nod.

Lift your heads above the sod.

The snow's gone.

Bud leaves bud!

Don't fear

Now you see that spring is here.

Winter's gone.

The Place? New York

By Richard Moeller, '53

FOUR exciting days were spent last month in New York City by Nancy Quirk, Jean Trudell, Mary Lou Snook, Miss Haylon, Miss Pfeiffer, Leo Gilson and me. We were sent to New York to represent THE STUDENT'S PEN at the 28th Annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association convention.

With the Hotel Shelton as our new home, we branched off into the numerous activities of the day.

In the mornings and afternoons, conferences on all phases of journalism were held at Columbia University. One very interesting feature program was a forum of young people from foreign lands who told of the food, the dress, and the customs of their native countries. These representatives were from Egypt, India, Singapore, and Korea.

Of course all our time was not spent at conferences. For our evening entertainment we had quite a varied program. We saw the magnificent production, "South Pacific" and another good stage play, "Mrs. McThing", starring Helen Hayes. We danced in the "Shelton Corner" to the music of Dante and his trio, and also managed to get in a movie. We ate in numerous restaurants of varied atmosphere, from the very fashionable "White Turkey" on East 49th Street to the Automat at Times Square.

Has it ever been said that teachers are supposed to be punctual? What I am about to relate is a true incident, and the characters and places are not fictitious. On the first night in New York, we had been given this direction by Miss Haylon, "Make sure you all are in the lobby at 8.45 sharp tomorrow, for we must get over to Columbia as soon as possible." Strange as it may seem, not one of us overslept and we were in the lobby right on time. When I say we, I mean every one except Miss Haylon and Miss Pfeiffer. Come 9.00 and still our advisors hadn't arrived.

Finally Nancy decided to call their room. Were we surprised to find that they were still in bed! Three minutes later Miss Haylon and Miss Pfeiffer came bursting from the elevator to join us. That just goes to prove that teachers may not always be punctual, but they sure are fast.

Another amusing incident occurred on the afternoon of the big banquet. That's where the F. B. I. agent caught up with Leo. Now don't misunderstand me, Leo was not arrested! It seems as though cameras as large as Leo's were not allowed, and he was ordered to check it downstairs, but when the checker refused to accept the responsibility, Leo came past the guard to ask us what to do. Now since Leo had gotten it past the first guard, we decided that he could get it past the rest, which he did. At our table, there were many more cameras like Leo's, and the more we looked around, the more we saw. Why only Leo had been stopped was a mystery to us. He surely doesn't resemble a gangster, does he?

The second day in New York was the most exciting for all of us. Could you have seen us as we madly raced from the cabs up the long flight of stairs leading to Low Library, you would have stared in amazement. There was good reason for all of this excitement, however, for inside of those tall marble walls were the results of the ratings of magazines throughout the country, THE PEN included. As we pushed through the throng of people crowded about the results, the excitement grew even more tense. Finally it reached its peak with shouts of, "We won! We won!" Nancy raced to Miss Haylon and Miss Pfeiffer and breathlessly explained that we had won the Medalist Award, that is given to a "publication of distinction." For thirteen years in succession THE PEN had

Continued on page 29



Upper left: Dashing in, filled with trepidation

Upper right: Nancy and Jean grin for the cameraman after congratulating each other

Center left: Miss Pfeiffer congratulates the PEN delegates

Center right: Calling Pittsfield with a "special to the EAGLE"

Lower left: Dashing out, without the trepidation

Lower right: President Truman speaks at the Waldorf

CAREER CORNER



MRS. EDWARD FORSLEY

IN an endeavor to point out that being a wife and mother is as exciting as any outside career, rather than just drudgery as it is often depicted, we went down to Lenox to talk with a model housewife. Hold on boys, you may also be interested.

Upon entering the vestibule of the Forsley house, it was easy to see that this must be not only a house but a home. Lined up neatly on one side of the entrance were four pair of rubbers and on the other side were four pair of boots. The sizes ranged from small to rather large. It seemed that there must be children inside; and children always make a home.

This surmise proved to be correct. There are four children in the family and all four of them were at home. The mother of the house, Mrs. Edward Forsley, was also there.

She said of the boots and rubbers, "I never know whether it's going to snow or rain. The weather is so unpredictable and the children must be prepared for winter or spring."

Mrs. Forsley, the former Alice Gleason, took the General Course at Pittsfield High School and graduated Pro Merito in February 1931. She planned to enter nurse's training. However, she was only 17 when she graduated and had to wait until September of that

same year to enter St. Luke's. She liked her schooling at St. Luke's very much. At that time they had a more rigid schedule than the girls have now. There were three hours of classes each school day and five hours of floor duty. They were allowed very little time off and were very strictly supervised.

One rule, in particular, differed from the rules of the present. The girls were required to have long hair so that it could be done up. About two years after Mrs. Forsley's graduation from St. Luke's, the rule was changed; and now short hair is preferred.

She graduated from nursing in 1934 and took her state boards in October of that year. After receiving her R.N. (Registered Nurse's degree), she worked as a private duty nurse until her marriage to Dr. Forsley in 1937.

Dr. Forsley is a graduate of Tufts College and Tufts Medical School. He interned in St. Luke's hospital at the same time in which Mrs. Forsley was working there.

The Forsleys have four children: Edward Thomas, Jr., 13; Daniel, 10; Carol, 9; and John, 3. Therefore, Mrs. Forsley is a very busy housewife.

Carol helps some, and a woman comes in daily to help take care of the 12-room home. It's a full-time occupation to keep a household running smoothly.

One of the children, John, was taking his nap when the interview was begun. However, he woke before the interview was completed. There was a slight pause before things proceeded again. Soon after John was attended to, the doorbell rang and the dressmaker arrived to alter Carol's "Easter outfit." The oldest boy Eddie came home from school. Then supper had to be started and kept under a watchful eye. The doctor's dinner should not be burned! These are only a few of the things that keep Mrs. Forsley busy.

At this moment, she wished to bring in her motto, "Children should be seen and not

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heard." She wonders if it is possible to have a child who just wants to be looked at and not listened to.

Dr. Forsley has an office in Pittsfield and holds office hours three evenings a week in Lenox. He is a busy man and so keeps his wife busy also. One of her problems is preparing meals to suit his convenience. When asked what it was like being married to a doctor, she replied, "It is really hectic. I have to be both mother and father. The doctor has irregular hours and sometimes has very little time to spend at home."

The children find much amusement at the Lenox Community center, a place where the older children can find activity. This is supported by the people of Lenox and provides a very nice place for all of the town to find some fun.

Mrs. Forsley claims that it is sometimes difficult to keep up with her children's activities. They all have different hobbies. Eddie excels at swimming and Dan has recently taken up skiing and become very skilled at the sport. Carol loves horseback riding. In fact, she won a second place ribbon in the beginners' class at Coakley's Riding Stables last fall.

John is quite a little mechanic. He wanders around with a screwdriver in his hand all day. He takes apart anything that will yield to his touch. One day he handed his mother the doorknob to the front door.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Forsley enjoys trying to "keep up with them." Everyone in the household cooperates when there is something big to be accomplished.

The whole family likes to eat steak and French fries. Another favorite dish of the Forsleys is spaghetti. In fact, they like all Italian dishes. Mrs. Forsley makes her own spaghetti sauce and it is reportedly "very good."

Although she is kept busy all year round keeping house, and the doctor is occupied

with his practice, Mrs. Forsley and her husband find time almost every winter to take a trip. They have visited various interesting places such as Puerto Rico, Havana, Cuba, the Bahamas, and others.

Last winter was the first year they took any of the children with them for a vacation. The three oldest went, but John, only two, remained at home. The family traveled by airplane to Miami, Florida, where they stayed for three weeks at the Kenilworth Hotel. One of their most exciting experiences was deep sea fishing.

Luck was with them on one of their fishing trips. They landed a sail fish 43 pounds in weight and over seven feet in length. This is now mounted and hanging in the doctor's Lenox office. The children and their parents enjoyed the vacation immensely.

Patience is a virtue which Mrs. Forsley possesses. The children never seem to exhaust her patience. She enjoys them too much.

When asked about her hobbies, Mrs. Forsley could name none. She "hasn't even time to relax."

She said that keeping house, getting the doctor's meals on the spur of a moment, taking care of her children, and doing many other things that are required of her are hobbies in themselves. She really likes and enjoys her vocation, that of a housewife.

CAREER WEEK

During Career Week, March 31 to April 4, a total of fifty-four conferences was held. Speakers conducting the conferences were those people who are tops in their particular field.

Girls seemed to be most interested in the armed services. Such fields as journalism, secretarial work and telephone operator attracted large numbers.

Congratulations once again to the Guidance Department for doing a good job.

THE RED MILL



Senior Connie Grand-Lienard portrays the interesting part of a disagreeable, neurotic French Countess who spouts French at the English lawyer who damages her car . . . sings soprano and attains high G . . . can't tolerate gum chewers . . . likes French, and swimming and skiing in their respective seasons.

Junior Lew Shainuck plays that lawyer, Joshua Pennyfeather who came to Holland on business for a client . . . sings baritone . . . names A below C his lowest note . . . considers banging on a piano, dancing, and singing in the shower his hobby . . . likes most sports and the Brooklyn Dodgers . . . would like to be able to speak French without that Brooklyn accent.



Senior Gail Robinson is our heroine, Gretchen, who gets locked up inside the Red Mill . . . has a soprano voice and can reach high B flat . . . makes music her hobby . . . says history rates first in school and skating in sports . . . belongs to Beta Tri-Hi-Y . . . sings in a church choir and is a former member of Glee Club.

Our hero is Junior "Al" Bourdo who portrays Captain Carl Van Damn and causes all sorts of trouble trying to elope with Gretchen . . . sings first tenor . . . ranges between low E and high A . . . likes to struggle with algebra problems . . . is a baseball fan which includes rooting for the Cleveland Indians . . . abhors crunching in his ear . . . belongs to the Motion Picture Club and the track team.



This Junior Miss is Arlene Slater who acts the part of Tina, a young maid who wants to become an actress . . . as a soprano is able to reach high C . . . likes to sing for a hobby . . . enjoys swimming as a favorite sport . . . says that shorthand is her favorite subject.

Senior Albert "Hi" Reinhardt portrays Franz, a sheriff who gets arrested in the end . . . sings bass . . . likes English and solid geometry, but not "silly girls" . . . rates skiing tops in the sport world . . . calls hunting his hobby (look out!) . . . is an officer in the Order of Demolay . . . says he'll root for any P. H. S. team.

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Aunt Bertha or rather Senior Phyllis Gale is Gretchen's Aunt . . . sings soprano and can reach high A . . . has no pet peeve . . . likes all sports, but rates swimming first . . . roots for the Red Sox . . . says math is her favorite subject . . . is on the Ticket Committee for the Operetta, Girls' sports in the Year Book, Glee Club 1 and 2 . . . wants to be a nurse.

Sophomore Melvyn "Mel" Marquis portrays the Governor of Zeiderland, a man often engaged to girls he doesn't like . . . says he sings any tone that's just right (smart boy) . . . can sing anywhere from low F to high B flat . . . likes geometry, but not Latin . . . is a Yankee fan and enjoys most sports.



Sophomore William Gordon plays a Dutch innkeeper, Willem . . . is another baritone and is able to reach low G . . . has a hobby of taking home movies (watch out for Jerry Lewis) . . . says that girls who wear braces with rubber bands which pop out peeve him . . . reveals that his ambition is to own a chain of sewing machine and appliance stores.

Technical Senior Dan Minneci impersonates the Burgomaster or Town Mayor and wears a long bushy beard and huge spectacles . . . can sing either baritone or bass . . . says his lowest note is low C . . . makes a hobby of studying the stars . . . says electricity rates first in school . . . likes to skate.



Junior James "Fizz" Ball plays Kid Conner and is as broke as friend Con Kidder . . . is a tenor and ranges between low F and B flat . . . sings with a Barber Shop Octet for a hobby . . . enjoys mechanics and English . . . participates in track, basketball, football, baseball, and the Orpheus Male Chorus.

Junior Bill Ryall portrays a broke American, Con Kidder, touring Europe . . . sings baritone . . . says C, two octaves below middle C, is his lowest note . . . makes a hobby of music, reading, and dancing with girls . . . belongs to the Hungry Five . . . thinks algebra and Mr. Tully a "superb" combination . . . gets peeved at just missing a bus after a last minute dash.



The Berkshire Playhouse

By Dante M. Fresia, Jr., '52



THE theatre is noted for its superstitions and idiosyncrasies; in fact, practically every actor and actress has his or her own. Anyone well versed in the theatre learns to respect and abide by these superstitions even though he himself does not believe in them. Probably it is only a coincidence, but everything seems to go wrong for an actor who has had his superstition broken. When such a thing happens, some actors and actresses go all to pieces. It is a fact that broken superstitions have ended many stage careers at their height. Thus you can see why everyone around the theatre abides by these superstitions. This rule is probably the first taught to all who work at the Playhouse.

The Berkshire Playhouse itself, is noted for a superstition. Anyone who has attended a performance at the Playhouse will remember hearing three loud raps before the first act curtain went up. Brought to the Playhouse by Director Bill Miles from the French stage, the three raps mean *In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost*. They are supposed to drive the ghosts from the theatre.

Buster Keaton, of whom the readers of THE PEN have heard much, has a strange idiosyncrasy. Buster will not make his entrance unless his well-known pan-cake hat is on the stage; more often than not, he wears it on stage. We learned from Buster that one night when he was touring the circuit, someone hid his hat; and he had to go on with a different one. Just before the end of the second act Buster, making a hurried exit, tripped and broke his arm in the fall. Since that time, the "Great Stone Face" has refused to make an appearance unless he has his hat with him.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." This famous saying has been interpreted by Zasu Pitts to mean "An apple a day keeps the critics away." Miss Pitts insists that everyone in the cast and crew eat an apple before each performance. Zasu declares that since she has been eating apples in this manner, she has not received a bad review.

Paul Hartman, long acclaimed as one of America's leading satirists of the dance, doesn't tie his shoe laces until just before he goes on stage. This practice almost proved tragic for Paul; he tripped on a loose string while rushing up a flight of stairs to the stage. Fortunately for him there was a stage-hand behind him who prevented an accident. After that, Paul tucked in the loose shoe strings until after he reached the stage.

Another superstition of the theatre is that whistling in the dressing rooms is bad luck. There is no rule against it in the dressing rooms at the Playhouse, but almost all the actors and actresses there will not allow whistling in their dressing rooms.

These are only a few of the thousands of stage superstitions and idiosyncrasies. It is difficult to cover this subject thoroughly, but it is obvious that anyone working in the theatre is careful.



Edward Herberg, '51, former photographer on THE PEN, has been elected editor of the newly-organized freshman newspaper, "The Little Indian," at the University of Massachusetts. Ed is photographer for the student publications, Collegian and Index, and program chairman for the Camera Club of the university. He is also on the publicity staff of the ROTC paper.

Donald Niver recently received two honors at Boston University. Donald has been named a member of Kappa Tau Alpha at the University's School of Public Relations and Communications, and is one of thirty-two B.U. seniors named to "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." Donald is president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity; sports editor of both the university's weekly paper and the yearbook; copy editor of the yearbook; a member of Scarlet Key and the student council; a dormitory proctor; and the assistant to the university's sports publicity director. He is also a dean's list student.

Emma Lou Smith is on the honor list at Bay Path Junior College, Longmeadow. Emma Lou will complete the medical secretarial course in June.

Ernest Ferris has been named to the dean's list at Holy Cross College, Worcester, for the past semester.

Stephen Yerazunis, '40, has completed the requirements for the degree of doctor of chemical engineering at Rensselaer Poly-

technic Institute. The degree will be awarded on June 6 at the commencement exercises. Stephen is a member of Alpha Sigma Phi, a social fraternity, and has been named to Phi Lambda Upsilon, honorary chemistry society, and Sigma Fi, national honor group in the science field.

Charles Leavitt, '51, and Pomeroy Power, '50, are students at Bryant College of Business Administration. Charles was chosen president of the school's Hillel Counsel; Pomeroy was named to the business administration society at the school.

Libera Principe, '51, has been re-elected president of her class for the coming year. The election is an honor because the tradition was election for one year only.

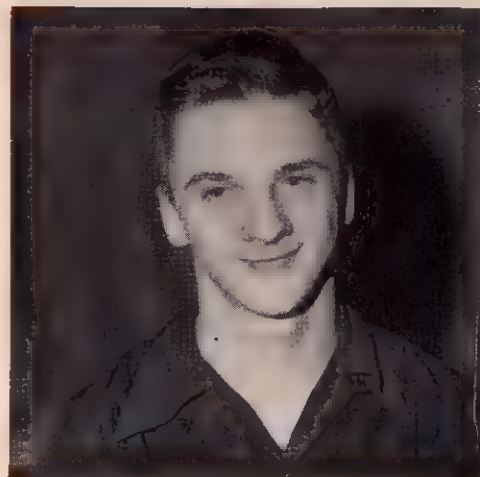
Howard Broverman, '48, has been initiated into Eta Kappa Nu, honorary electrical engineering society at R. P. I.

Charles Brownlee, '49 and Richard Holteran, '50, have been elected officers in Rensselaer Society for Engineers, an R. P. I. fraternity.

John J. Horgan, '49, has been named to Pi Tau Sigma, leading honorary society in the mechanical engineering field, at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

Horgan is one of five juniors in the mechanical engineering department at RPI so honored. Juniors must be in the upper quarter of their class scholastically to be elected to membership.

WHO'S WHO



CO-ART EDITOR

Here is a senior everyone knows!! He's Bobby Eberwein, co-art editor of the Yearbook. Bob enjoys swimming and skating and tells everyone that fried chicken with all the trimmings can make a hit with him anytime. Bob loathes people who laugh at his likes. Oil painting is Bobby's favorite pastime and he hopes that someday he will be an ace architect. Good luck in the future, Bob, from those of us at P. H. S.

"BONDI"

Introducing Miss Ruth Bondini, whom you will all recognize as head majorette this year. Ruth, or "Bondi" as she is called by her friends, participates in several activities, including Sigma Tri-Hi-Y. Her favorite pastimes are playing basketball, skating, and watching football. She will also admit being partial to "Mom's cakes".

Ruth's pet peeve is people who are always late (wonder why!) She lists typing as her favorite subject.

As for the future, Ruth plans to just keep "BOBing" along.



"GOALIE"

A young man responsible for much of the P. H. S. hockey team's success is Dave Chiorngo. Dave, as goalie, had three shut-outs to his credit.

As might be expected, Dave's favorite sport is hockey and most of his spare time is spent at the Common playing it.

His other activities include playing the French horn in the band and orchestra. Dave likes just about all kinds of food, and his pet peeve is being interviewed over the telephone.

After graduation, Dave would like to continue his education, preferably at the University of Miami. Our best wishes to him.

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PROM CO-CHAIRMEN

Students, here are Helen Quadrozzi and Tom Bossidy, the co-chairmen of the Junior Prom.

Helen, whom you have seen cheer-leading at our basketball games, is also a member of Delta Tri-Hi-Y. She claims her pet peeve is keeping quiet. Helen enjoys dancing and watching all sports.

Tom, besides being an integral part of our basketball team, is a member of the Student Council, Good Will Committee and Hi-Y. His hobby is participating in all sports, his favorite subject is English, and his pet peeve is losing his temper.

We all wish you the best of luck with your Prom, kids.



HOCKEY CAPTAIN

Students, meet Matt Kamienski who led our hockey team to four wins and one tie in six games this past season. Speaking for his team-mates and Coach Pruyne, Matt claims that Berkshire School was their toughest opponent.

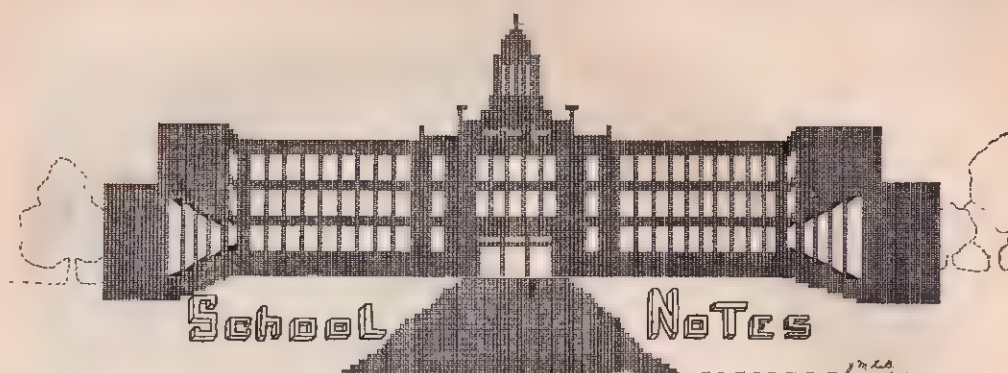
Other than hockey, Matt enjoys steak, billiards, World Affairs and the Sugar Bowl.

After graduation in June, Matt plans to go into shop work. Good luck!

DICK WILLIAMS

Members of the student body, please observe one of Pittsfield High's most popular seniors. One has no doubt seen Dick hurrying through the halls trying to keep up with his activities. He is co-chairman of the Senior Class operetta, Home Room Representative, a member of Hi-Y, and a basketball manager. Dick likes steak "smothered" with mushrooms. His favorite pastimes are roller skating and basketball; his favorite subjects, physics and solid geometry. Dick has no pet peeve, a sign of his good nature. As for the future, he hopes to go to an electrical school and then the Air Corps—or vice versa.





Peggy Navin, Editor

Phyllis Martin, Dorothy McMurphy, Meta Miller, Anne Everest, Joan Sutton, Patricia Smith, Judy Feder, Wilma Hooper, Sondra Sable, Jo Anne Soldato, Katherine Creran, Homer May, Mary Bolotin, Shirley Peach, Mary Ellen Da Silva, Robert Schwager, Bill Ryall, Mary Mackey, Rita Mackey

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

At the most recent meeting of the Senior Class Council the following chairmen were chosen:

Of Class Day: Emma Potter, Anthony Palmeiri.

Of the Senior Banquet: Mary Ann Komunecki, John Howe.

Of the Senior Prom: Annette Monks, Dick Rivard.

Also the rehearsals for the senior operetta are rapidly proceeding and foreshadowing great success.

Don't forget the dates—May 1 and 2.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Since the election of class officers in January, the activities of the Junior Class have increased greatly. The various committee chairmen were chosen at the first meeting. Helen Quadrozzi and Thomas Bossidy were elected co-chairmen of the Junior Prom, which will be held on May twenty-third. Robert Snow and William Brazill were elected co-chairmen of the Ring Committee. Ring samples have been ordered but at the time of writing had not arrived. Carolyn Gilbert was elected chairman of the Good-Will Committee.

JUNIOR CLASS COUNCIL

The following Junior Class Council Representatives were elected:

- 14 Glenn Connors
- 101 John Vincent
- 102 Robert Menard
- 103 Lewis Buzzano
- 104 Robert Clark
- 141 Frank Reid, Charles Rausa
- 143 Mary Ellen Boland, Richard Babillis
- 145 Marcia Dadley, Harold Byrde
- 147 Constance Fassell, Robert Linker
- 148 Nancy Giard, Charles Garivaltis
- 149 Barbara Kryznowski, Kenneth Lussier, Bernice Kordana, William Main
- 212 George Rufo, Henry Henrickson
- 231 Elaine Soldato, Collins Pomeroy, Claire Sondrini, Michael Phair
- 233 Joyce Todd, Edward Kelly
- 345 Nancy Albano, Robert Chiachiarretto

REGIONAL WINNERS

Recently in the 1952 New England Regional Scholastic Writing Awards contest, two P. H. S. seniors, Paula Coughlin and Nancy Quirk, won honors. Paula, for her essay "The Communist Threat in Yugoslavia," won second place in the current affairs division. An essay in the editorial division, "The Question of Religious Education in the Public Schools"

by Nancy, won for her third place. Regional winners received a gold achievement key and certificate of merit; and their essays are to be submitted in the national competition in May.

Both these girls deserve a great deal of credit and congratulatory wishes for their fine talent in journalism. Pittsfield High may well be proud of its two writers.

TECHNICAL NEWS

Walter Whitman, the Sophomore Class reporter, has informed us that Mr. C. J. Kettler, of the General Electric Laboratory, spoke to the class recently about the scientific uses of light. He explained that light is quite useful and profitable in agriculture. Mr. Kettler demonstrated how ultra-violet light helps find flaws in joints, and through special photography flaws in castings are detected. Using several lights, he mixed three different colored lights on a screen. When a special combination of light intensity was reached, a white spot was produced. Mr. Kettler's talk gave the class a preview of what they were about to study.

On March 6, Mr. O. R. Kimball and Mr. R. E. Brandt, also from the G. E. Laboratory, spoke to the Sophomore Class. In explanation, he told about heat problems in large transformers. The importance of insulation was demonstrated very vividly. Using an insulated bar of heated aluminum, they showed how the rate of cooling decreased substantially even though cool air was blown at it by a fan.

During February the Junior Class heard two speakers from the General Electric Chemical Division—Dr. John H. Lux, manager of Production Development, and Dr. D. E. Ohsol, manager of Process Development. Dr. Lux told of the many jobs available in the fast growing chemical industry. It is his belief that the chemical industry will double every few years. Right now there is a serious shortage of technical manpower.

Dr. Ohsol described the chemical engineer's work and its requirements. He demon-

strated the chemical composition of many products, such as plastics, and emphasized that 99% of the problems a chemical engineer runs into somehow involve conservation of matter and energy, rate of a chemical process, and equilibrium. In saying this, these speakers threw a new light on the heretofore difficult subject.

The Juniors toured both the Berkshire Woolen Mill and E. D. Jones Factory. At the Berkshire Woolen Mill, the fascinating process of woolen cloth making was inspected. This tour was made even more interesting when Peter Charow's grandfather demonstrated part of the process.

The Juniors got their first glimpse of large metal working machinery and tools at work in the E. D. Jones Factory where parts and equipment are made. These machines were turning out top hatches for tanks and fire-fighting equipment for the armed forces, along with paper making machinery and parts for civilian work. It was very interesting to watch the successive operations in which metal takes shape in giant machines and finally becomes a part of some one machine.

The Senior Class reporter, Chuck Furchetti, reports that recently a small scale demonstration of the G. E.'s world famous lightning research was held in the Technical Electrical Lab here at P. H. S. Two G. E. engineers, Mr. J. H. Carpenter and Mr. W. A. Hixson, working with some amazing equipment put on an extremely interesting performance. This equipment consisted of a generator whose voltage was raised very high by a complicated circuit of condensers. Then like a bolt of lightning, a bluish spark was forced across a two-inch air gap. The two engineers then proceeded to show the power of the spark by inserting different kinds of insulation in the air gap. This is the way that new insulation is tested to find its resistance to the electricity. Following this demonstration, the engineers gave a brief description of their daily work in the High Voltage Laboratory.



MEET THE FACULTY

Our man of the month is especially known throughout Pittsfield High's student body for his successful work as coach of our great ski and track teams—he is Mr. "Max" Montgomery. Although he is not a native of our fair city, Mr. Montgomery quickly expressed his admiration for the Berkshires and P. H. S. But his home town and high school alma mater are in Brookline, Massachusetts. Immediately after high school graduation he entered Brown University and after four years obtained his Bachelor in Engineering degree. Mr. Montgomery served his country in the navy for three years after college; he then worked as an engineer in the G. E. for a year and a half. Finally after those four and a half years he studied for two more at the Harvard Graduate School, thus obtaining his Master's in Business Administration. He has had quite an interesting background, has he not?

Mr. Montgomery came to join our faculty in the fall of '49 with the present senior class, and has remained here doing a wonderful job since then. Drafting and physics classes make up his daily schedule, while his evenings are spent usually instructing the G. E. Apprentices in courses here. Although he does not have much spare time, he enjoys fiddling around with a violin and fussing with a piano (in an unorganized way). For a hobby Mr.

Montgomery does possess and enjoy (once in a while) a private pilot's license.

"Teaching is a wonderful career, and the most interesting I've ever known," states Mr. Montgomery as advice to future teaching aspirants.

TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

All of the Tri-Hi-Y clubs have been very busy with their various activities.

Alpha held its very successful Sadie Hawkins Dance March 15 at the Jewish Community Center. Larry Murphy's orchestra furnished the music. Annette Monks did a splendid job as its chairman. The girls are also planning to give clothes to children at the New England Home for Little Wanderers.

Beta is busy with several different activities. The club is giving scrapbooks to the children at Hillcrest Hospital. For Easter the girls are making baskets to give to each child at the West Pittsfield Sanatorium. Also, they are making sock dolls for needy children. A Mother and Daughter Banquet is scheduled for May.

Delta held a very enjoyable Mother and Daughter Banquet March 26. Besides this the club is planning to give Easter baskets to some needy children. The girls in two of the clubs, Delta and Sigma, enjoyed listening to a very interesting talk given by Miss Parker.

Gamma is giving scrapbooks to the children at one of the local hospitals. On March 15 a joint panel of three girls from Gamma and three boys from Hi-Y discussed the question, "What are the things that girls and boys do that irritate and annoy each other?" Mr. Pruyne acted as the moderator.

Sigma's "Basketball Bounce" was a great success. It was held at the Stanley Club Barn February 16. Katherine Lewis was the chairman.

Zeta is very busy preparing for its spring dance, "The Bat and Ball Swing," to be held at the Masonic Temple, April 19. This is special news for any Tri-Hi-Y club. Zeta challenges you to a basketball game to be held in the Y. M. C. A.

TEACHERS' PLAY

The Pittsfield Teachers' Association presented "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" on Friday evening, March 28.

It was a howling success, and all participants as well as its director, Francis Jaehnert, are to be commended. Miss Elizabeth Enright did a grand job as general chairman of the affair. As an added bit of enjoyment between scenes, an eight-piece all-teacher orchestra played popular tunes.

Written by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, the play laughingly depicted a trip to Paris by a 19-year-old girl two-some. To make it more comical, it was staged with 1923 clothes. As seen by a crowd of 1400 enthusiastic people it was really a huge success.

ASSEMBLY

A very fascinating and most worthwhile assembly was presented to P. H. S. students by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Yung Lee on March 3. Mrs. Lee, who came to the United States originally as a nurse for Fred Snite, Jr., the famous "Man in the Iron Lung", in telling why the Chinese costumes of today are not so elaborate as they were one hundred years ago, said that the simple dress reflects the simple character of the Chinese people.

Mr. Lee spoke of the poor living conditions in China today, and he demonstrated the Chinese two-string violin, the piano, the flute and other Chinese instruments.

ASSEMBLY

On Thursday, March 27, the students of P. H. S. were cheerfully entertained by two young musicians. Miss Lowem Cook, marimba player; and Mr. Clair Musser, piano artist. They divided their program into three sections: marimba and piano together; marimba alone, and piano alone. For both, the beautiful Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" was selected, along with the "Galloping Comedian", "Fiddle Faddle", and "Horstacato". Then Mr. Musser played three of Chopin's pre-

ludes, and "variations" on "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" by composer anonymous. He was rewarded by a hearty applause and loud cheers filling the auditorium. Miss Cook then played "Indian Love Call" from *Rosemarie*, and the ever-popular "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." Because they were applauded so heartily, the two came back again and again, finally doing "Sabre Dance" as a fitting climax.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The pictures for the next meeting of the Motion Picture Club are "The Greatest Show on Earth", "The River", and "Viva Zapata."

The pictures discussed were "Snow White" by Nancy De Witt and "Red Skies over Montana" by Carol Drennan.

The club selected as the all around picture for last year "A Place in the Sun", as the best drama, "Decision Before Dawn"; and the best comedy, "Sailor Beware."

The best actress chosen was Jane Wyman for her performance in "The Blue Veil" while Kirk Douglas was voted best actor for his performance in "Detective Story."

FOR USELESS INFORMATION, ASK NANCY how she felt Friday, March 14th at 1.15 in the morning.

DICK how much a dozen of doughnuts cost.

JEAN why she squirms when she rides to the 32nd floor in an elevator.

LEO how to get by the F.B.I. with a camera.

MARY LOU how far it is from New York to Albany to Pittsfield and how long does it take.



The Red Mill

There's music in the air at Pittsfield High School. It seems that everywhere one turns he can hear the beautiful strains of the music from the operetta, *The Red Mill*. The cal is being sponsored by the Senior Class with Mary Lou Moser and Dick Williams as co-chairmen, and is under the direction of Mr. Morton Wayne, supervisor of music in the high school. It will be presented on the nights of May first and second in the high school auditorium.

The cast is as follows:

Gretchen, Gail Robinson; *Tina*, Arlene Slater; *Bertha*, Phyllis Gale; *Countess*, Connie Grand-Lienard; *Kid*, James Ball; *Con*, William Ryall; *Burgomaster*, Daniel Minneci; *Franz*, Al Reinhardt; *Governor*, Melvin Marquis; *Carl*, Al Bourdo; *Willem*, William Gordon; *Pennyfeather*, Lou Schainuck; *Anna*, Phyllis Cimini; *Lena*, Carol

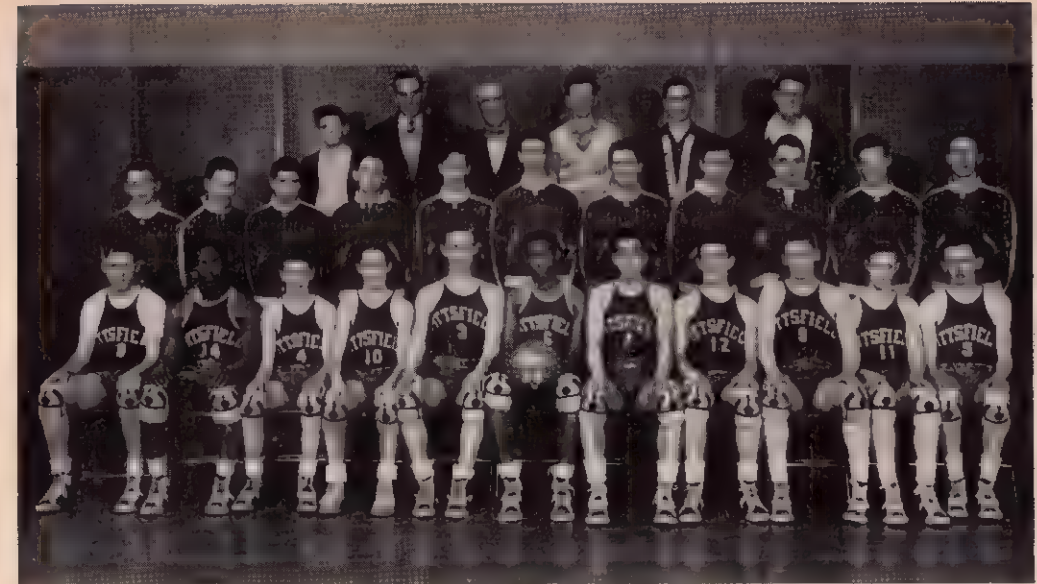
Cooper; *Emma*, Mary Lou Moser; *Flora*, Sheila McCormick; *Dora*, Jill Farr; *Martha*, Peggy Navin; *Violet*, Betty Budrow; *First Man*, Alan Simon; *Second Man*, Anthony Izzo.

Girls' Chorus: Susan Tucker, Esther Dragone, Michel Lubin, Marilyn Castoldi, Anita Smith, Shirley Lombardi, Janet Lewis, Grace Hashim, Phyllis Buckheim, Linda Lewis, Sally Crooks, Eleanor Persip, Betty Frisch.

Boys' Chorus: Russell Powell, Albert Clark, Robert Schwager, John Neff, Paul Nah, James Renzi, Robert Somerville, Joseph Sacco, Walter May, Myron Schwager, Wayne Anderson, Brad Bowers.

When we mention the cast, it is only fair to give credit to the orchestra and the fine job that they are doing in preparing the music.

This musical production promises to be one of the finest Pittsfield has seen in several years. You won't want to miss it.



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Third row, l. to r.: Williams, mgr.; Ass't Coach Ed Hickey, Coach Art Fox, ass't mgrs. Plona, Spadafora, Danson. Second row: Chapman, Viale, LaRouche, Powers, Fahey, Murphy, Kelly, Petruzzella, Elwell, Thompson, Kessler. Front row: T. Bossidy, Reid, Pelkey, Rivard, Kryznoski, Capt. Williamson, Trahanas, Brennan, L. Bossidy, Dave Sullivan and Miller.

Absent when picture was taken: Ass't mgr. MacCartney and Dan Sullivan.

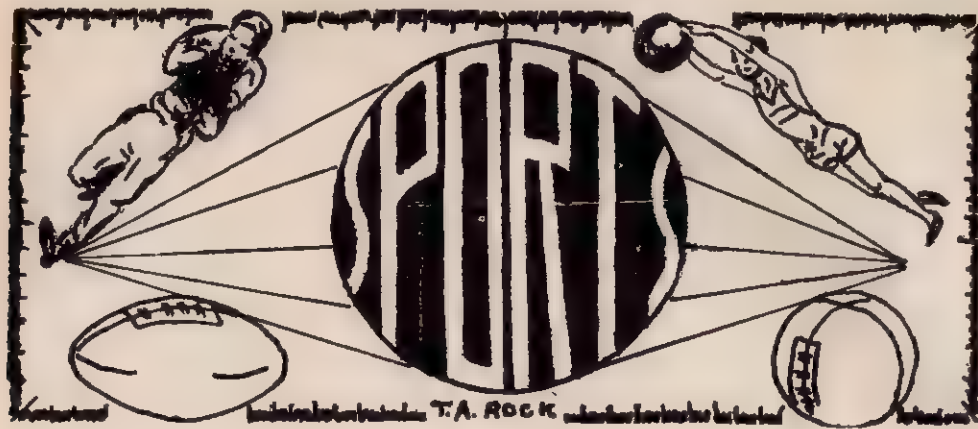


CHEERLEADERS

PEGGY STEWART
ELAINE SOLDATO
NANCY GIARD
BARB FOX

MARION BELANGER

SUE SPELLIOS
CONNIE FRIERI
GERRY GIARD
TEEN FOX



P. H. S. STOPS DALTON, 52-46

By Bob Strelin

A sparse crowd of 400 spectators was in attendance at the State Armory on February 6 to watch Pittsfield High edge out Dalton, 52-46. The visitors, although beaten, showed a great deal of the hustle and spirit that marked them as serious contenders for the Northern Berkshire crown in the opening weeks of the season.

Coach Pete Stevenson's scrappy five got off to a fast start and established a 7-0 lead after only two minutes of the initial period had elapsed. Pittsfield, still shaky from its consecutive losses to St. Joe and Adams, finally managed to break the scoring ice, but still found itself on the short end of a 10-5 score at the end of the quarter. A battle royal raged in the second period with Pittsfield forging ahead, 24-23, at intermission.

Larry Bossidy, who was high scorer with 22 points, started Pittsfield rolling in the third period as he molded a personal six point chain and gave the Purple a working lead of seven points. Later in the period Pittsfield put together a nine-point string with Bossidy scoring six more. Pittsfield could score only seven points in the final period but the third period proved to be the clincher. The final score was 52-46.

PITTSFIELD CRUSHES ST. JOSEPH (N. A.)

By Louis Marks

Pittsfield defeated St. Joseph of North Adams 47-20 in their home gym, February 8. Again Larry Bossidy led the way by scoring 17 points, while Jack Brennan had 15, Lou Kryznoski gathered five, Steve Trahanas and Jimmy Pelkey threw in four each, and Lefty Rivard had two. Pittsfield built up a good lead in the first period even though their shooting was off. The quarter ended with Pittsfield leading 11-1. In the second quarter Pittsfield's shooting was much better with Bossidy doing the most scoring, and the half with Pittsfield in front 27-6. The third quarter ran about the same with Bossidy again scoring heavily. The score at three quarters stood 34-10. St. Joe's shooting improved in the fourth period as they doubled their scoring but it wasn't good enough to overcome Pittsfield's lead.

DRURY UPSETS PITTSFIELD, 54-36

By Bob Strelin

An underdog Drury High School five turned the tables on Pittsfield High on February 13 as they avenged their loss to the Purple earlier in the season and beat the visitors handily, 54-36, at Drury.

Drury led practically all the way, and, by defeating Pittsfield, virtually destroyed their chances of retaining the championship which they won from Adams a year ago. Forward Norman Truehart, who led Drury to an upset victory over Pittsfield in football last fall, proved himself a great competitor in basketball as well, as he topped both teams in scoring with 18 points on 5 floor goals and 8 free throws.

Coach Boisvert's North Adams combination held a slight 11-7 advantage at the close of the first quarter, but they exploded for 19 points in the second period and led 30-19 at the half. There was relatively little scoring in the third stanza and Drury still led 36-28 with eight minutes left.

Pittsfield staged a last ditch stand in the final period, but it came much too late, for Drury had already established a long lead. The final score was 54-36.

Bossidy led P. H. S. with 13 points. "Lefty" Rivard and Jack Brennan had 7 and 6 respectively.

PITTSFIELD BOWS TO ST. JOE 59 to 47

By Carl Maynard

For the first time since 1940, St. Joe won the city crown, this time by repeating their early season supremacy over Pittsfield by a score of 59 to 47. Before the usual capacity crowd, Feb. 15, Pittsfield's somewhat weary team suffered its fourth loss of the season and with it lost its chances for the Northern Berkshire League Crown.

The first quarter of this exceptionally unexciting game saw the pattern set as St. Joseph's took an early lead of 11 to 2. By the end of the first quarter, they had stretched it to 19 to 6. The game might well have developed into a runaway for St. Joe had it not been for the saving grace of Louis Kryznoski. Louis leading his team made seven of the twelve points in the second period to save Pittsfield momentarily. Pittsfield's hopes sank even lower in the third quarter when St. Joe took

an eighteen point lead. However, this seemingly insurmountable lead was whittled to six points in the fourth quarter on the wings of Pittsfield's only scoring spurt. But this was not enough, and St. Joe held until the final whistle.

PITTSFIELD BOWS TO ADAMS, 55-46

By Bob Strelin

Adams High virtually clinched the Northern Berkshire Basketball title on February 19 at Plunkett Memorial Gymnasium as Coach Zabeck's determined five took the second straight of the 1952 series from the Purple by the score of 55-46. With this victory Adams avenged Pittsfield's sweep of last year's games when they were edged out for the championship in a great stretch drive.

It is apparent, when viewing the statistics, that Pittsfield was beaten at the foul line. While Adams was making good on 21 out of 35 free throws, the Pittsfield five could convert only 10 times in 26 attempts. Since Adams' margin of victory was only nine points it is conceivable that a better average from the foul line might have made a difference in the outcome of the game.

Adams, inspired by the great play of their captain, Chet Bury, jumped to a 17-8 lead at the close of the first period. Reverting to a man-for-man defense as opposed to the tight zone they used in Pittsfield, Adams continued to press the visitors throughout the half. The score at intermission was 29-16.

Pittsfield recovered somewhat in the third quarter, scoring 15 points to Adams' 12, but the home team still led by 10 points as the game entered into the final eight minutes. Pittsfield again took the scoring honors, 15-14, in the last period, but Adams' early lead proved to be too great an obstacle to overcome.

Larry Bossidy was high man for Pittsfield with 18 points. Bury, who fouled out with four minutes left, topped Adams with 16. Jack Brennan and Jack Crews each had 11, Paul Trotter got 10 and Dick Rivard had 9.

Girls' Sports



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right: Jane Whiting, Patricia Noon, Lorita Caldarella, Sally Reagan.
Front row: Judith Larkin, Judy Wilder, Capt. Carol Walters, Carol Chiorgno, Marilyn Case.

SPRING IN THE GIRLS' GYM

By Paula Coughlin, '52

Spring is here! If you need proof of the fact, just go into the girls' gym some afternoon. Every day the gym is crowded with girls playing the sports which are usually associated with Spring—badminton and softball. The ground is still too muddy for softball practice outdoors, so balls are constantly being hit between the flying badminton birdies. The badminton teams started their games during the first week of April, when the softball enthusiasts were just thinking of tryouts. Now, both badminton and softball are sharing the spotlight.

Meanwhile, at the Pastime Bowling

Alleys every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the bowling teams are battling for the title. Some of the most promising groups are "The Cavaliers" on Monday; "Mindy's Junkers" and "The Devils" on Tuesday; and "The Happy Five" and "The Atomic Five" on Wednesday. The final tournament will be held about the last week in April.

Another contest which will be held at the end of April is the swimming meet. The seniors, who had high hopes for this season, are rather disappointed by the small number of girls who attend the swimming practices. However, those who do attend are outstanding swimmers and will do their best to capture the crown.

April, 1952

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ROUND ROBIN CHAMPS By Judith Larkin, '53

With a series of hard fought games, the team coached by Doris Shantz racked up a perfect record to win the Round Robin championship. This team, playing fine basketball in all their games, consisted of Barb Limont, Helen Noon, Anne Shields, Carol Chiorgno, Dorothy DiMassimo, Joan Vacarro, Sally Groves and Laura Altobelli.

The runner-up team was coached by Emma Potter and, with only one loss, they showed some fine exhibitions of good ball handling.

The girls who participated in this tournament had a lot of fun and perfected the skills necessary for better playing. Above all, a spirit of good sportsmanship was present.

BASKETBALL

By Judith Larkin, '53

A persistent and hard-playing Junior team swept three out of four games to win the girls' intramural basketball tournament. With only one loss to the Sophomore team, the

Junior squad included Barb Limont, Jane Whiting, Lorita Calderella, Marilyn Case, Judy Wilder, Sally Reagan, Carol Chiorgno, Judy Larkin, Pat Noon, and Carol Walters, captain.

The Seniors, with Barb Marsters and Anna Bruzzi as co-captains, won two of their games by defeating the Sophomores twice. Besides the co-captains, the team was made up of Eleanor Persip, Doris Shantz, Barb Lipari, Nancy Quirk, Barb Wohrle, Janet Gerlach, Muriel Daniels, Rosemary Principe, and Irene Woitkowski.

Although able to win only one game the Sophs proved that they will provide keen competition next year. Captained by Marcia Gerlach, their rapidly improving team members were Helen Noon, Carolyn Turner, Anita Conte, Kathy Maguire, Joan May, Barb Calebaugh, Joan Duda, Bev Wasuk and Lois Mann.

P.H.S. CRUSHES WILLIAMSTOWN, 73-40 By Bob Strelin

Friday, February 22, saw Pittsfield close the 1952 basketball season by defeating Williamstown High, 73-40, before a small crowd at Mitchell Gymnasium, Williamstown. Although this game was merely the aftermath of a red-hot pennant race, many of the fans turned out to see whether or not the injured Larry Bossidy would capture the Northern Berkshire individual scoring title. Larry suffered a severely sprained ankle in a practice session the previous Wednesday, and it was doubtful whether he would see much action. However, the ankle healed quickly and Larry got in long enough to score sixteen points and officially wrap up the '52 scoring honors with 211 points.

Williamstown, employing a good zone defense which often seems to bother Pittsfield, jumped away to a 12-3 lead early in the first period. However, the Purple managed to pull themselves together to some extent and trailed only 14-9 as the period ended. At this point Bossidy entered the game and the team caught fire, tying the score at 20-all. An eight

point chain later in the quarter gave Pittsfield a 33-22 lead at the half.

The first stringers continued to pour it on in the third period with Bossidy scoring eight. Midway in the final period, Coach Fox inserted his second team.

NEW YORK Continued from page 10

maintained a rating of first place; now it had finally received the ultimate in honors, a Medalist.

The banquet which formally closed the convention was held on the afternoon of Saturday, March 15, in the main ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Here after a generous chicken dinner, President Truman gave a speech to the 3500 high school editors from all parts of the United States who were present.

THE STUDENT'S PEN delegation had a wonderful time, and we wish to extend our heartiest thanks to the Berkshire Evening Eagle for making this trip possible.

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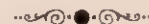
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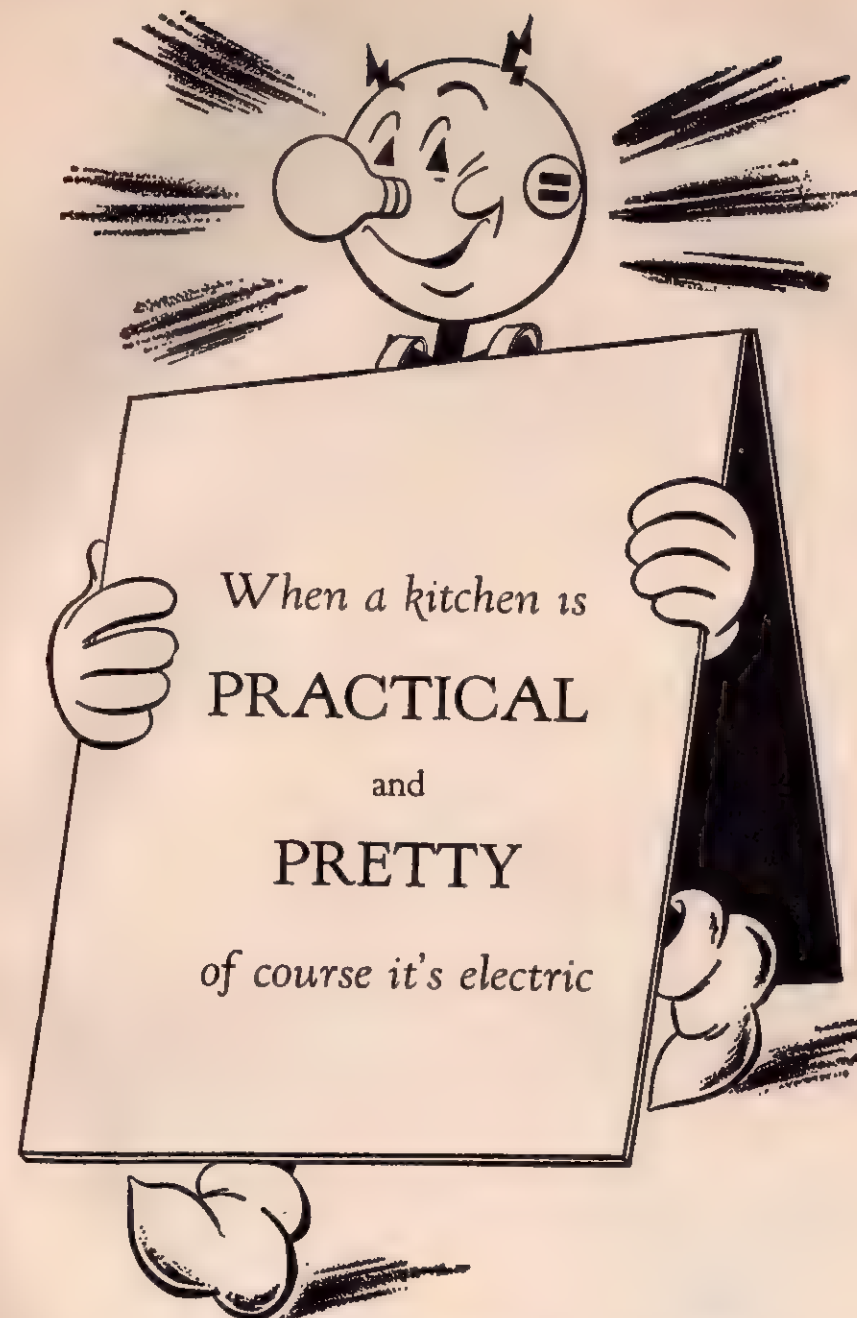
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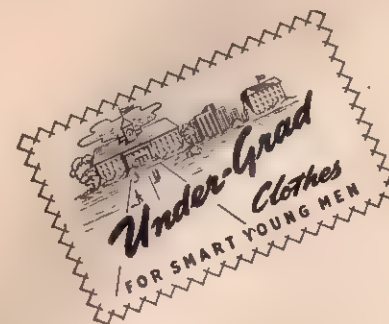
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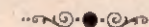
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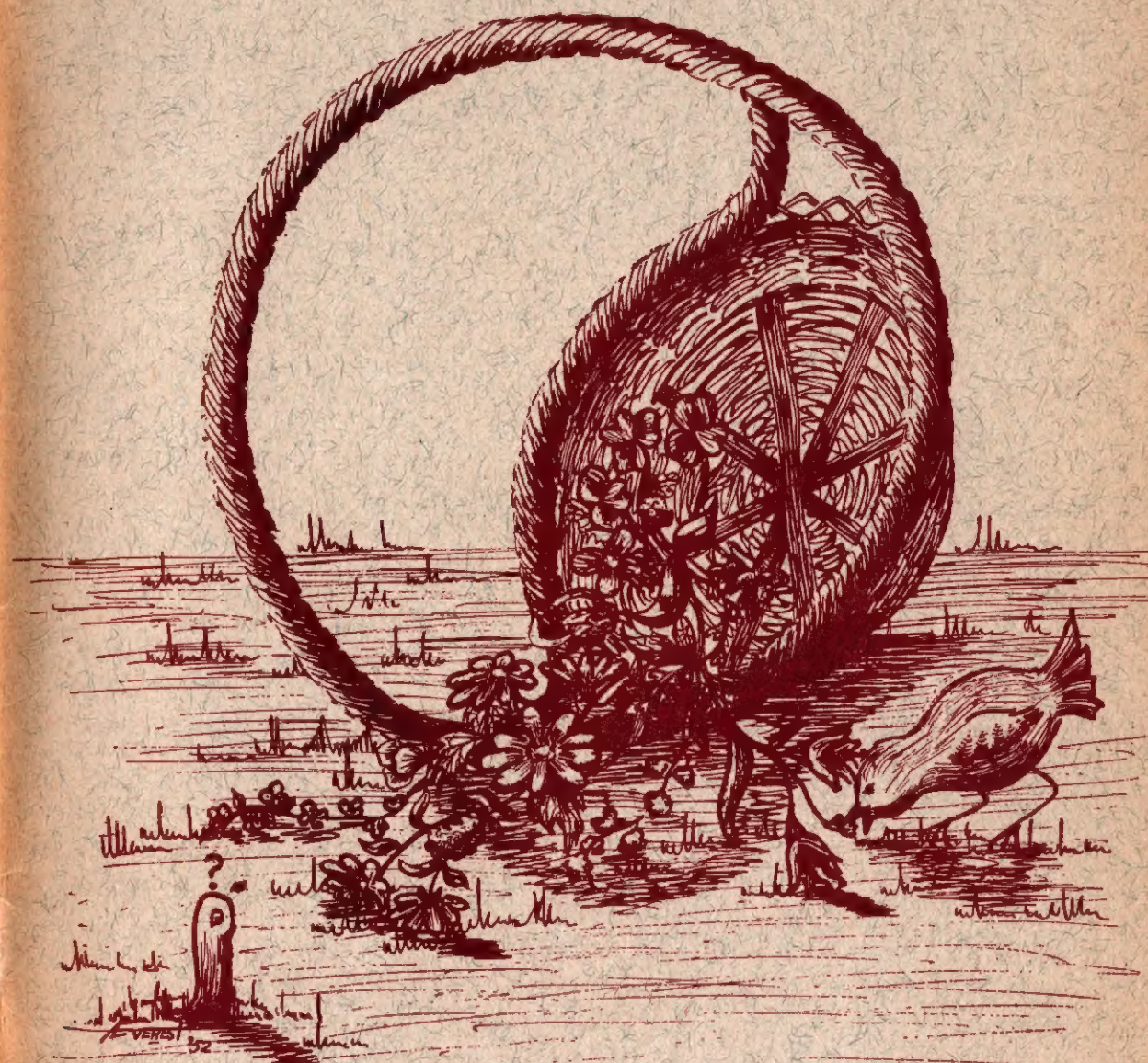
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